

Christmas Gifts Suitable for Catholics.

On account of having to vacate store we will close out our entire stock of

CHURCH AND RELIGIOUS GOODS

consisting of Statues, Pictures Framed and Unframed, Gold Chain Rosaries, Scapular Lockets, Gold Crosses, Brooches, Medals, Religious Calendars, Christmas and New Year Cards, etc.,

At A Big Discount From Regular Prices

Note The Following Prices :

- Novena Booklets, 3c to 5c
- Novena Leaflets, 1c each
- Xmas and New Year Postals, 2 for 1c and 2c each
- Small Holy Cards, 28c to \$1.25 per 100
- Silver Crosses, 15c to \$1.00
- Stick Pins, 8c each
- German Prayer Books, 10c to 78c
- Scapular Stamps, 1c per sheet to 5c
- Xmas Bells, all sizes
- Scapular Lockets
- Christmas Booklets, 2c each to 10c
- Small Christmas Cards, 1c each
- 10c per doz.
- Rolled Gold Chain Rosaries, 45c to \$2.75

FRANK J. STUPP

Near St. Joseph's Church 92 Franklin Street

NEWLYWEDS DINE ON STEW

Wife Prepares Dainty Morsel With Own Little Hands — But Physician Must Be Called for Hubby.

The cook had insisted on a day off and young Mrs. Freshly-Wed was in a quandary and her stunning new house gown of twisted percale, muses the Detroit Free Press.

"I'll make a stew—anybody can make a stew!" she cried.

And she proceeded to make a stew. In the kitchen she found seven frankfurters, a dozen fried oysters and three pickled herrings.

"How fortunate—meat is the very important thing!" she exclaimed. And she chopped it all up and added three cupsful of salt and two of pepper so as to be sure not to forget the seasoning. Then—because she knew that a stew must have lots of variety—she put in a glass of olive oil, two table-spoonfuls of grated nutmeg, two packages of Saratoga chips, a can of salmon and a half cake of bitter chocolate.

At 6:30 Freshly-Wed came home—her Ben, stalwart and handsome, who had never known an hour's illness in his life.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed. "What's that smell?"

"It's a stew I made for you with my own little hands," she told him.

"Divine aroma!" cried Freshly-Wed, and forthwith sat down and ate two big platefuls, while his wife watched him so eagerly that she forgot to eat any herself.

Three hours later, in response to a hurried call, Doctor Blister drove up and rang the front doorbell. Query: Who was the patient, and why?

AMERICAN MANNERS OF TODAY

Prevailing Bearing in Throughfares and Street Cars Indicates That Courtesy Is on the Decline.

As for manners, we are kindhearted as a people and civil when appealed to, but no one would suspect it if our bearing in throughfares and street cars be a criterion. The spirit of the age is first come, first served; to be waived only in favor of the crippled and the positively infirm. Courtesy in the old-fashioned sense—the deference of the young for the seniors, of the stronger for the weaker sex, of the vigorous for the frail—if not extinct is so sporadic as to be noticeable when manifested, Robert Grant writes in the Yale Review.

The young men who push their way forward in public conveyances retain without compunction the seats for which they have struggled.

Here again we have the philosophy of the tired business man: "I got there first; we are all equals in the United States, and I want to read my newspaper." The apotheosis of selfishness, and in self-defense we all more or less

subscribe to it; but after all, it is natural for pigs to struggle for places at a trough. Well, may we ask ourselves if it is impossible to safeguard independence, initiative and equality except at the cost of all the social graces that prevailed when society was more artificial.

The Middlemen.

A farmer raised a peck of wheat beside the River Dee; a boarder ate a wheated loaf 'way down in Tennessee; the loaf the boarder fed upon cost half as much and more as did the farmer's peck of wheat a month or so before. "Now, why is this," the boarder raved, "they hold me up on bread?" "And why is wheat so bloomin' cheap?" the plodding farmer said.

A chap beyond the Rocky ridge raised 20 pounds of limes; another one in old New York was kicking on the limes, for he had downed a glass of "ade," and, poor forlorn galoot, had paid one-half the market price of 20 pounds of fruit. "Now, why is this, they soak me thus for this wee sip of 'ade'?" "And why," exclaimed the orchard man, "am I so poorly paid?"

Now hold your horses steady there, you man beside the Dee; go easy there, you hungry chap in sunny Tennessee; restrain yourself, you orchard man, forbear this angry talk, and you beside the soda font in Little Old Noo Yawk, remember this: Our food and drink, no matter where and when, must also be the food and drink of thirty middlemen.—Utica Globe.

Curious Burials.

The inhabitants of Mesopotamia have curious customs in the disposal of their dead. The corpse is carried to the grave dressed in ordinary clothes, with the face uncovered. Bodies are buried in shallow graves, and after a period dug up again, the bones being collected into a white linen bag and deposited in small buildings.

"One day," says an officer of the R. A. M. C., "I saw such a bag in a church; it was labelled with a woman's name. In a village near the Struma I have visited one of these storehouses of the bones of the departed. The bags most recently placed in it were still white and whole; others were whole, but stained brown by time. Those that had been deposited in years past had rotted away."

Full, deep breathing, drinking plenty of water and keeping the skin active will keep most people out of the doctor's hands.

When drinking a glass of water stand erect and take a full breath first, then drink with chest out and hips back and head up.

Two things are essential to a clean skin—one is bathing and a rubdown, the other is still more important, and that is perspiration.

PEDIGREE.

Bushrod was establishing a pigeon coop of his own, emulating his neighbor, Bill Hite. In arranging the financial promotion of this venture he went to his mother.

"Mother," he said, "I want a dollar to buy a pigeon."

Mother thought a dollar a rather high price for a pigeon, with common birds averaging ten cents.

"But, mother," Bushrod said, earnestly, "you don't understand. This is a pedigreed pigeon. With its pedigree it's cheap at a dollar."

Bushrod finally wheedled his mother out of the dollar and left to buy his blooded bird. He returned with the pigeon and a scrap of crumpled paper in his pocket.

"Mother," he said, "this is the pedigree."

"On the crumpled scrap of paper was written: 'Grandfather unknown. Grandmother, unknown. Father, unknown. Mother, Bill Hite's pigeon.'"

CAUGHT IN THE RIOT



"Did you notice the De Swells' afternoon reception?"

"Yes; frightful jam. Mrs. Heavyweight had her arm broken."

"Dear me! How?"

"She happened to get in the way when the refreshment room was opened."

Solid Comfort.

The skeleton grins contentedly. And ne'er his fate bemoans. Perhaps because it's nice and cool to sit 'round in one's bones! —The Lamb.

A Noah Admirer.

Pastor—Which Biblical character do you admire most? Deacon—Noah. Pastor—And why do you admire Noah? Deacon—Because he didn't sit down and wait for his ship to come in. He started something.—Yankers Statesman.

HOW AMERICANS ARE PREPARING

REPRESENTS SOLDIERS IN CANADIAN ASSEMBLY

Preliminary Work on French Soil Described.

DO MUCH, BUT SAY LITTLE

Camps Being Built Will Accommodate 100,000 Troops at a Time—Comfortable Huts Going Up—Correspondent Sees Enormous Military Encampment Under Construction.

"What are you Americans doing to begin fighting?" ask our French friends. Well, we are doing a lot but saying very little. Still, there is something to say. Not for the sake of the French people precisely, for they may be expected to have only a general interest in our preparations. The French army authorities know all that we are doing, of course, and that is sufficient. But our American people, who have done such magnificent work in going into the war with heart and soul and princely neglect of cost, take an interest of an intimate and logical character. It is paying for the army, and on the most general grounds, would seem to have a right to know something about what is going on. If the American army is doing things in preparing for the battlefield, then why not let the people at home know something about it?

Under these impressions and prompted by these sentiments, a New York Herald correspondent penetrated into the part of France where preparations are made for the reception of the bulk of our troops.

Awaiting Occupation. What are called recreation camps are springing up all about this district. As fast as the men arrive they march into these camps, where everything is in course of preparation for their comfort, health and convenience. Comfortable huts are going up under expert supervision. In one place I saw a collection of these huts, spick and span and already awaiting occupation. German and Austrian prisoners were digging trenches for water pipes to supply the military village. The camp was beautifully situated, with good drainage, water supply and shade trees, and furnished with all sorts of conveniences. The commanding officer had the good luck to have hit upon a very comfortable private property—nearly equal to the dignity of a small-sized chateau. Here he is living in very great comfort, with light and bathrooms and heating apparatus. He seemed very well pleased with his acquisition. The village is going to house thousands of American soldiers when they arrive.

In another place I passed through an enormous military encampment in course of construction. Already counted as many as two hundred huts, but the greater number have yet to be erected. French soldiers are working the ground, digging foundations, hauling timber, cutting up the necessary material as required, doing the carpentering and joining, establishing an electric plant, connecting communications and so on. I was told that there was going to be accommodation for 60,000 American troops at that place alone.

Can Care for Million. It is estimated that there will be in these camps as many as one hundred thousand troops at a time; then there will be many times that number moved from time to time as others arrive in this way and in this place alone a million or so can pass through with the utmost ease and promptness. When the Germans get an idea of the large number of American troops in France all ready and the enormous military "towns," the piles of warehouses stocked with ammunition, house after house and street after street, looking like some monster settlement years ago in the far West—then the Germans will begin to realize that America has come to France to remain until the last of the Huns is wiped out.

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SAVES FOOD AND HEALTH

Hoover Believes in Saving on Doctor Bills.

Herbert C. Hoover, food administrator, not only believes in conserving his victuals. He takes particular pains to conserve his health, and saves money that he might have to use on doctor bills by so doing.

At a food and fuel conference recently, Dr. H. A. Garfield, a college president when working at it, and fuel administrator during the war, offered Mr. Hoover a cigar. It was a large, dark, ponderous cigar, what Ben S. Allen, publicity director for the food administration and Mr. Hoover's right hand man, described as a "good Presbyterian cigar." Whatever that is, Mr. Hoover looked it over carefully not to say cautiously.

"It won't do you any harm," urged Doctor Garfield.

"But I don't think it will do me any good, either," replied Mr. Hoover drawing from his own supply a cigar much meeker and milder.

Austrian Troops Desert to Rumanians. An entire Austrian regiment, with officers at its head and carrying their own arms, surrendered and joined the Rumanians on the Russo-Rumanian front. The regiment was composed almost entirely of Mohammedan Serbs from Bosnia.

Britain Buying Wool. The British government purchased 60,000,000 pounds of wool in the last 15 weeks announced Col. Willey, the wool controller. This was an increase of 10,000,000 pounds over the amount purchased in the corresponding period last year.



Nursing Sister R. O. MacAdams, M. P., the first woman representative to be elected under the new Canadian regulations. Sister MacAdams has been chosen to represent the overseas soldiers from Alberta in their legislative assembly. Some victory for the ladies. Canada is certainly wide-awake.

HOARDING OF COINS MAKES PARIS ANGRY

Small Tradesmen Secrete Coppers and Reap Premium While Public Pays.

The scarcity of copper coins continues to be a great annoyance in Paris. The Oeuvre, in making a strong protest against existing conditions and demanding that the ministry of finance take steps to remedy the evil, narrates the experience of a man who wished to telephone from a post office sub-station.

Payment for such services is made in advance, but when he offered a franc piece (20 cents) it was refused by the operator, who said she had no change, and sent him to a stamp window. No change there, and he was sent to the telephone window.

Same story repeated, and when the man, who had wasted half an hour, appealed to the chief of the station, he was told that it was impossible to get enough copper money to carry on the business of the station.

The Oeuvre says it is intolerable that the inhabitants of a city like Paris should be held up by little shopkeepers, ticket sellers, cafe waiters, small government employees and tobacco shopkeepers, who secrete the copper money, refusing to pay it out and then dispose of it to traffickers in the coins who pay a small premium, and in turn dispose of it at a slight profit. It demands—despite the general belief that the copper money of France is finding its way to Germany by way of Switzerland—that the ministry of finance immediately order the coinage of a great amount of small money.

BOY HAS LIFE CHARM

Three Accidents Have So Far Failed to Kill Him.

When two wheels passed over the abdomen of six-year-old Arthur Hartman of York, Pa., the other day, and left him practically unharmed, the third narrow escape of the boy, who seems to bear a charmed life, was recorded.

Previously he was hit by a trolley car on a western trip with his parents, and fell from a third-story window, in each case being but slightly hurt. The accident recently occurred when the boy, on roller skates, coasted into the path of the machine. As horrified passersby ran to pick him up he squirmed from their grasp and begged his sister, who was with him, not to tell his mother. Examination by a physician failed to reveal any serious injury.

WOOD FOR SHOE SOLES

Commander of Dutch Army Orders an Experiment.

The commander in chief of the Dutch army has notified the corps commanders that an experiment is to be made with wooden soles for shoes in consequence of the increasing advance in the price of leather, according to information received at Washington. For the experiment 5,000 pairs of shoes will be made; 2,000 are now ready. The wooden soles will be of new shoes, each pair having an extra set to replace worn-out soles.

RETRANSLATES ZULU BIBLE

Missionary From South Africa Is at Amherst, Mass.

Rev. and Mrs. James D. Taylor and son of the Impoweni mission station, Natal, South Africa, are visiting Mrs. Taylor's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter C. Guernsey, at Amherst, Mass. They will spend two years in this country. Mr. Taylor will superintend the translation of the Zulu Bible, upon which he has worked for years. He is a missionary of the American board, and his support is provided for by the churches of the Massachusetts State association. He reports that conditions in South Africa are not so dark as the Germans are reported to

MACHINE GUNNER'S DREAM CAME TRUE

South Dakota Man Describes German Counter Attack.

GUNS TEAR HUNS TO PIECES

Enemy Comes Out in Parade Formation to Make Attack, French Gunners Hold Fire Until They See Them Where They Want Them and Then Bow Them Over Like Tenpins.

"A machine gunner's dream came true" is the way Private Boucher, member of the Machine Gun Section No. 13 Third Brigade, Canadian Expeditionary Force, described a recent German counter-attack south of Lens.

"Yes, that's the only way I can describe it: it was a 'machine gunner's paradise,'" said Boucher, in describing the affair to several American soldiers. "Our section numbers fifteen Vickers machine guns, some of them little light Lewis guns, but everywhere a Vickers, as steady as a horse and heavy enough to keep on firing forever unless they are knocked out with a direct hit."

"We were posted right up in the front line—our fifteen Vickers were spread out in shell holes and craters half full of water and once in a while we would be using a bit of the Hun trench. The ground sloped away before us, down to another set of shell holes that Fritz was lying in."

"Well, the other morning just before daybreak the Hun began to move over some 5-point-9 H. E. (which means high explosive shells of five and nine-tenth inches caliber). After about fifteen minutes of that he stopped on a barge behind us, and the next thing we saw, just as the dawn was breaking, was the old Hun coming down toward us for a big counter-attack. He was 1,700 yards off when he first came in sight and was marching like on parade—in a column of fours—that kept pouring out of a communication trench and into a road-sunken road—it seemed as though the column had no end."

"I guess they didn't know how our machine guns were to them or they thought that their preliminary artillery preparation had knocked out most of our guns. Because we held our fire and never set off a round, and that column deployed down the road until it got within 1,100 yards of us. Then the men began to form into little groups of from fifteen to twenty—in a bunch and to spread out along the front, getting ready to make a rush for us."

"There must have been a couple of thousand of them, and all the while the column kept streaming out of the trench, four abreast, six hundred yards. Go Down, Like Tenpins.

"Five of our fifteen machine guns had direct action on Fritz. "We waited a couple of minutes more, until the scattered bunches of Germans were within less than 500 yards of us, and then our five old Vickers began to rattle. We didn't care how many they were, because there were many of them. What we did to those little bunches of Huns was a steady fire. One old gun began spitting lead into one group and just as our stream turned on them—they were all jammed together in a compact little bunch, you understand—they all went 'knocking around sky high, like when you make a strike, bowling."

"It was the greatest sight you have ever seen to see our five Vickers traveling along the line, picking up the groups of Germans that had advanced the nearest and turning on them and knocking them sky high. Each one of the machine guns kept up about five of the groups and then the supporting waves broke, too, and all the Germans started bearing back to the communication trench, whence they had debouched as fast as they could."

"Our boys got in some great work with the rifles then, because they outnumbered a machine gun, and one of the Vickers had been worked forward a little to catch the Germans going back. We were made them pay for that advance. I'll bet we got 500 of them easy and probably more because we had signalled back for our batteries in the rear to shell the communication trench that they had retreated by, and we saw the big shells bursting there and tearing up whole segments of it."

"No, we didn't feel squeamish about letting them have it. Not a bit of it. We've all been through the same thing ourselves and never found a Hun machine gunner feel sorry for us and let up on us with his fire."

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